# The Book To Your Imagination

It was a cold snowy day I had just moved to a new house. I was exploring

My new house, when Mum told me that the house was very old and the people who lived there before us never took their belongings. So I went up to the Attic to see what was in there I took a torch with me because Attics are always dark. I went up stairs it took me one look to see that the people who lived here never came up here a lot because the dust was everywhere I’m not joking .I started to look around they was so much stuff in there. I picked up a book out of a dusty box the title was “The key to the imagination “. I set down on an old wooden rocking chair the book opened on my lap to a page about how to look into your imagination. Then I just felt myself spin all these colours going everywhere and then everything went black.

I stood up just standing there doing nothing just staring. Then something hit me it was a funny kind of a fruit; it had 10 square sides it was yellow and in the sides there were stars. I looked up I was in a different place it looked like all the things I have dreamed of like big purple dragons, pixies and Hiffagriff’s. I went over to one of the Hiffagriff’s a Hiffagriff is are half horse and half hark animal .I bowered it bowered too that meant I could pat it I felt I was in story of Harry Potter and the prisoner of Azkaban book. So I pat the Hiffagriff and then it late me ride it I got on the Hiffagriff. It took off over the paddocks of flowers it was breath taking and we went past a lake. We stopped there to give the Hiffagriff a drink of water and a fish or two. He had some fish and drink but we didn’t take off something was wrong there was a big **BANG** there was another Hiffagriff right next to me now it had a deep wonned on its wing. I told myself I had to help it so I did I covered its eyes. I remembered I had some finger tap in my pocket because last week my fingers were swollen so I put some on its wonned. Then I felt myself spin again and the colours were there again too I was going back home.

I was right, next moment I was in the Attic on the old rocking chair with the book. I ran down the stairs with the book I ran to tell Mum all about the story but I thought for a moment she wouldn’t believe me so I didn’t tell her anything about it.

By Lauren 6B